

GADGIE 31



PUNK ROCK IS SKILL

NOW THE GADGIE

Bloody hell ... the Rum Gadgie is here! Myself and Steveo have been working on getting this done for yonks and finally the stars have aligned and it's done and dusted! The IQ punk scene is dead but the IQ zine scene is alive and kicking! Enjoy this Fenpunk split and see you in the pit my friend! Get in touch via the sorcery that is the internet:

nowthengadgie@hotmail.co.uk or find me on Facebook and Twitter by searching for **Gadgie Fanzine**.
Marv, September 2013



ZOLTAN!

My dog is awesome. I wanted to call him Zoltan Hound of Dracula but the ladies of Gadgie Towers opted for the far more sensible option of Jack. I still secretly call him Zoltan though after the ferocious beast from the infamously "so bad it's good" movie of the same name. I let him off the lead when out and say in a dramatic voice "Zoltan! Destroy the humans!" He never does though. He usually jumps in rivers, finds Tennisies and runs up to people to demand a fuss. All legs, paws, floppy tongue and massive floppy lugs everywhere ... he is anything but a ferocious beast of the undead. Nope, he is quite simply a big daft as a brush black labrador. At least that's what I thought until recently ... me and Missus Gadgie were wandering around the grounds of Clumber Park, a most pleasant National Trust property near Sherwood Forest

accompanied by our pooch during an autumnal afternoon. Emerging from some trees and bushes where they'd been getting up to half term tomfoolery no doubt, a gaggle of small kids and their mothers crossed our path. Politeries were exchanged between ourselves and the parental units but one of the more diminutive members of their clan pointed at our Zolt and shouted in sheer terror "Look Mummy! A werewolf!"

FIRST AID IN A SEWERAGE FARM

My job occasionally takes me to some strange places and none were stranger than the Zion Methodist Church in Boston where I spent three days completing a First Aid at Work course a few years back. It was a cold, wintery November day as I biked on down for a 9pm start and met two gadgies in the car park smoking roll ups and looking nervous about the forthcoming three days of First Aid. They seemed friendly enough ...

"Ello mate, you 'ere f'r First Aid course like?"

I greeted the friendly fellows who told me they worked on a local sewerage farm and were bricking it as there's a fookin' test int' there!? Once in and sat around in a circle with about ten or eleven other folk the leader fella suggested we introduce ourselves, tell everyone our jobs, state why we are on this course and what we hope to gain from it. One lady was a librarian in a school, two others worked in a warehouse checking the safety of chemicals and stuff, an older bloke was a truck mechanic ...

It came to my turn. Now then, my names Marv, I'm a PE teacher and obviously there is the occasional injury in a school and especially in PE so I'm on this course so I'm covered if I have to deal with something like a broken leg."

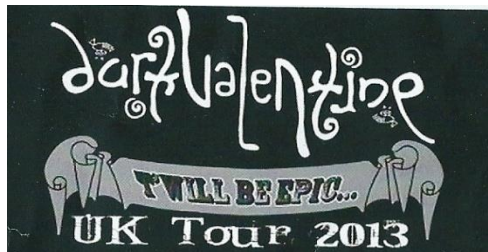
Over to the two I met at the start ...

"'ello all, we work on a shit farm and need first aid 'cos we get all sorts coming down the fucking pipes, used johnnies, junkie needles, tammy rags, the fookin' lot!"

It was gonna be an interesting week.

IN THE PIT!

I love going to gigs me. Sadly however, Bosstown finds its self a bit of a cultural wasteland these days as the mighty Indian Queen has fallen from grace and is now a "Victorian Theme Pub". Lordy. No punks in Boston makes the once epicentre of all things raging and brutal in the Fens a very dull place ... It was with a strange sense of curiosity then, that I wandered to the Railway Inn one Sunday night in early June. 'twas to catch up with Eagle (of Punk 4 The Homeless infamy, amongst other things) as bizarrely he had booked a gig for his current band and, wait for it, a Swedish/American Goth band! It really did seem peculiar. The Railway Inn is a newly refurbished pub just around the corner from Gadgie Towers, all posh seats, wooden floors and flashy lights and shit. Light and airy and still smelling new, 'tis a far cry from the dive of a bar that I took German grind monsters Wojciech and US Power Violence behemoth Catheter to on a day off from their sprawling Euro tour a few years back. There we did bear witness to a bunch of old gadgies in denim and white trainer combos knocking out rollicking good Americana tunes ... no Springsteen or Tom Petty tonight though, and certainly no power violence! Oh no. Things are never, how can I say, "normal" with Eagle and this evening was to be no different. Firstly this is the first Eagle gig in yonks where you have been able to buy a pint! The last lot he did round these parts were in the Methodist Church Hall, so pint in hand I took in the emerging scene before me ...



A virtually empty pub but for a few youngsters, one resplendent in a mohican, an auld fella who looked utterly bemused and an assortment of Eagle regulars and odd bods. As my pint was being procured I suggested to the bloke behind the bar that live music is indeed a good thing!

"It's good to see you getting a few live bands in the pub!"

My cheery disposition however was met with something of a downbeat response.

"Yeah, we're gonna cut back on the bands as it's not paying if they don't bring a crowd in."

Bugger.

The youngsters decided it was time to leave. Maybe they had some homework due in tomorrow? Crap excuse! I did too. It was now, that I met a very enthusiastic fellow in a Subhumans shirt. He went by the name of Dwane Reads and was a punk poet from Derby way. He seemed very excited to hear I was a zine writer and wouldn't you know it, the one time I don't take a bag of zines to a gig ... Dwane was doing some of the dates on the tour, yet another person who Eagle has bumped in to and swept up in his Punk 4 The Homeless crusade! Up Dwane Reads steps then for a poetry set with a breathless style and anguished tales of giant shrimps and other everyday life such things. A warm wit and reaching out to the audience personality, yup he was a hit with the small but appreciative gaggle of Sunday sippers.

A lap top sat in the corner ploughing its way through an itunes playlist that suddenly started sounding very familiar. I could have sworn that was Anti Cimex! Yes! It was! Swedish D-beat blasting out of a swanky pub on a Sunday night on the outskirts of Boston. A surreal moment made all the more surreal when a tall snake eyed fellow resplendent in long, studded leather trench coat, white face paint and magical realm goatee beard appeared to be the one behind such shenanigans. I gave him a "guy nod" and he came over to have a natter.

"Fucking Anti Cimex! Did you put this on?"

"Yes! Fucking Sweden!" he answered pointing at the Swedish flag patch stitched upon his

shoulder. We got on well. The universal language of D-beat! I am fully conversant in it myself and it appeared he was too. We both shared a love of swearing too. Awesome.

Our **Dis-**cussion was brought to a halt as he was called away to join Eagle's latest live performance incarnation The Poor Geezers. With Eagle chuntering away in to a microphone and Dean the legendary local busker on one man band acoustic guitar and drum combo the "Patchwork Punks" were being joined tonight by the trio that made up the touring "theatrical Goth" band. I said it was never normal with Eagle ... Our hero was flanked by what I can only describe as two Gothic fantasy dolls. Stripy tights, tutus, corsets, fishnets, pig tails, ghoulish make up ... and they were sort of playing those clapper things you had in music lessons in Primary School when you were too much of a div to play 'owt else. Not wanting to miss out on all the fun leather trench coat d-beat man was tippy tapping away on a cymbal. The assembled masses, well all eight of us, looked on in bemusement as Eagle and Dean's shamolic and unruly folk punk frolicked away as these two vampy vixens flanked the odd couple whilst wriggling around and cavorting about. I'm still trying to recover from the sight of the enormous hippy man in patchwork dungarees joining them on flute during a couple of songs. Probably the best set I've seen from the 'Geezers in a very long time (and I've seen many) and definitely one of the oddest (and I've seen some odd ones). A cover by Wire, another suitably awkward band, and they were done.

As the headliners finished setting up, it was time for probably the first and only Theatrical Swedish Goth band that The Railway has, or will ever see, to take to the stage. A trio with a drum machine and well I don't really know how to encapsulate with mere words what then unfolded before me. The dark haired lady manhandled her bass guitar, the snake eyed d-beat dude, complete with top hat rattled off some riffage that sounded like 80's synths and

growled some vocals that sounded like they were emanating from a damp and squalid dungeon of a dark castle somewhere on a hill in Eastern Europe that you could only see in silhouette and a half moon was above it and some bats were flappity flapping about and an owl twit-ta-woos as a blood curdling scream sounds out in the cold night air ... you get the picture. The blond pig tailed lady, the final member of the triumvirate of theatrical terrors brought the "theatrical" to the proceedings. All whirly swirly dancing and pirouetting about like a demonic ballet dancer from a Tim Burton animation. Like the ghouls on the archaic dance floor from the movie "Carnival of Souls"* she flounced and twizzled around in a fashion that had the small and baffled assortment of punters left in a state of bemusement and nervous terror! "There's bats" "There's bats" her arms said as she flailed around ... and she launched in to almost operatic vocals that towered above the industrial goth machinations that the other two and the drum machine were grinding out. It was all very peculiar, especially in a venue like The Railway Inn. In Boston. On a Sunday evening ... but the crowd started to warm to the maudlin madness and then it got really weird.



The blond haired singer, who sounded like if that woman from off of Evanescence was in an 80's goth band instead of a nu-metal wank one, span over to a drunken old gadg and in the style of a sinister marionette took his hand, lead him on to the dance floor and began to cavort around dancing with him like a possessed clockwork toy from a straight to DVD horror flick! The hippy started juggling in the pit! Yes! Juggling! Three little juggling balls were wazzling up and down in front of the dungaree clad, flute playing, festival fella! Eagle and Dwane rounded everyone up and started carrying on like they were at a barn dance doing that link arms country dancing type thing folk do at school discos/Student Unions/crap fun pubs whenever anything gets played that involves a fiddle or The Levellers. It reminded me of my days back in Kemplah Primary School when we had this teacher called Mrs Yajima who was mad on country fucking dancing for some reason and made us all do it once a week ... and now I digress ...

... back through time we head once more ... Our strangely surnamed pedagog (the ferocious wrath of who was felt one day by Um Bongo and Sargey when they called her Mrs Pyjamas) had loads of country dance LPs and knew all about it for some reason so for a year we had to ruddy well go to the hall for an hour once a week and suffer the appalling indignity of dancing like a bunch of yokels to horrific records that probably now reside in landfill or charity shops. Even worse you had to hold hands WITH GIRLS!!! In a fashion that is completely unethical and a strict no no at teaching college nowadays, we all had to pick our partners. Like in PE when you picked teams and the nobbers who got picked last had to suffer the humiliation of the two captains saying something like "You can have him" and "Nah, yer alright, you have him". Meanwhile some kid in plimmys with a herman haircut was stood there wanting to die. All the girls in our class had to sit down and all the lads had to walk around and politely ask a young lady if he could have this dance. Natural selection is a particularly cruel form of

selection however, especially to a bunch of 10 year olds. There were more boys than girls in our class and this presented an opportunity to sit out for a bit if you left picking a girl to the end and didn't get a partner. This play mind you was fraught with danger and a deadly version of roulette played out every week ... you see there was an utterly repulsive girl in our class that nobody liked. She didn't really do herself any favours. Trouble causing was her forte. Spragging up people for saying stuff they hadn't and getting them done was her favourite game. She once told Mrs McCabe that Jabba (the legendary three thumbbed Jabba who had Fart-a-monia in assembly once) had called her a fascist and he had to stay in at play time and face the wall in the canteen. Neither he, nor she, knew what a fascist was mind ... probably got it off The Young Ones so it must have been a big and clever thing to say 'cos The Young Ones was the rudest most outrageous thing anyone of us little rebels had ever seen so to say words we heard on it was definitely hard and cool and not square. No way.



Molesworth was, it has to be said, a most horrid creature physically as well. A continuous stream of slaver was permanently dripping from her gob and her approach to personal hygiene was on a par with a warthog. Though she wasn't as good looking and a bit hairier. Most lads all went for either their beaur* or the girl they awkwardly wanted to be their beaur but if you waited and risked it you were left with the horrifying prospect that there would be you and

a bunch of 'erberts - who the hot girls had said no to - usually Stork, Um Bongo, Jabba and Sargey, all nervously shuffling your feet as Molesworth sat there looking up wondering who she was gonna get. "Hurry up or I'll pick!" Mrs Yajima would say to try and move things along as all eyes gazed upon the four or five scrotes who took the ultimate gamble. The whole class sat watching and waiting safe in the knowledge that they had scored themselves a girl who was pretty normal and you would get to hold their hand. Molesy though ... Mrs Y would choose one of the last lot eventually to end the agony to which the whole class would all laugh at the unfortunate one doomed to holding hands with the worst girl in the school. You may think this a particularly cruel tale but next week when it was "Ladies Choice" Molesy would pick someone straight away and they weren't allowed to say no and even if there were more girls than boys the same bunch of scroters would be left and Mrs Y would pick a partner for the girls reluctant to chance holding hands with Jabba and co. The sort of thing that could scar people for life ... it was just everyday life in Guisborough in the late 70's!

There certainly weren't any juggling hippies, corsets and trench coats at my next outing in search of live thrills and spills. No sirreee ... Despise You, the legendary LA power violence behemoth would not be the sort of folk you would expect to indulge in such shenanigans. It had been on my calendar for a good six months this bugger. On their first ever foray in the UK, the hype was reaching fever pitch, well, it was in my house and it seemed it was over in the Lincolnshire village of Timbaland where fellow Fenpunk Glen Sharplin was to be my co-pilot in the Gadgiemobile for the trip northwards to Leeds. A quick "are you ready to rock" phone call and Jo answers the phone with a "Oh hi Marv, I'll just get him, he's really excited!"

I giggle and Glen picks up the phone.

"Fackin' 'ell mate, it's like me fackin' muvver answering the phone innit!"

He needn't have worried. I was a little excited too. Not only were we heading off to a killer evening of aural violence, we were also making an effort to join the twenty first century and trying out the wizardry known as a Sat-Nav. It was the first time for both of us venturing in to the world of such bedevillment and as you'd expect for two useless technophobes (neither of us had a mobile) it didn't run too smoothly and we still got lost. Three times. It was a borrowed Sat Nav and through trial and error we sort of negotiated how to set it up, though Glen had to hold it all the way there as he'd forgotten the fix it to the windscreen bit, and plugged in the post code for The Brudenell Social Club. I tell you though, it's a pain in the arse listening to the sultry Sat Nav lady as she kept saying things like "Turn Left ..." and as I slowed down and indicated left, she'd carry on and complete her sentence "... in 1.4 miles" forcing me to abort my turning leftage and incur the fury of other fellow road users.

Many times.

"Marv! Stop turning left!"

That was Glen. Not the Sat Nav lady.

DOOMSTAR PRESENTS

despise you



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I reckon it'd better if she said "In 1.4 miles turn left" without the saucy, breathy voice and ever so sexy pause mid sentence. The electronic minx. A few missed turns and three times around the roundabout later we finally arrived at our destination and a bespectacled fellow taking in my Zero Boys t shirt pointed at me and in a strong American accent hollered "Hey! Rad shirt!" I politely thanked him and he went about his business. Another complete stranger then engaged me in conversation about how my new white Adidas trainers were very, very white. Of course they were, they were fresh out of the box this morning ... I think I had it odd, but Glen it would seem had a far stronger appeal to the fruit loops of Leeds than me as a pair of lads who looked like they were off night clubbing took a shine to my punk rock comrade and the great big holes in his ears. Plugging gaps in the lobes of his lugs are a cork from a champagne bottle in one and a huge silver nut minus the screw in t'other. This proved endlessly fascinating to the two happy revellers who decided he would be called "Corky" from now on despite the fact they had asked for and been told three or four times what Glen's name actually was. One of the, by now clearly "refreshed fellows", also suggested in a French accent, with reference to the origins of the cork, "Maybe we should call you Champignon!?" His mate thought this hilarious though probably not for the fact that champignon is French for mushroom not champagne. Then a mental punk rocker ran up to us and shouted at my companion "You're the King of Punk! No you're not! I'm the King of Punk!" before running off to replenish his glass that I am quite sure had already seen some heavy usage this evening.

despise you

We just made it for the last few songs by Famine, a new band on me who sounded pretty brutal in front of a tiny crowd. Outside however

there were hundreds of people all drinking, schmoozing, smurrking and admiring each other's facial furniture! I've never seen so many (mosh)taches and beards! Am I missing something? What is it with all these hairy faces all of a sudden? These crazy young 'uns eh? To my surprise, the next band up were The Day Man Lost, a band I didn't even think were still doing the rounds. I remember one of 'em gave me a demo outside the 1in12 about ten years ago and whaddya know they're still shredding the lugholes of anyone who'll listen today. Again, in front a meagre crowd as the appeal of chatting in the evening sun was far more appealing to the crust hordes. It was the same for three man power violence purveyors Mangle who impressed those that bothered. Folk filed in for the next band however and finally it kicked off a bit as grinders The Afternoon Gentlemen took to the stage and pit antics began at last. Maybe the home crowd were simply more up for their local heroes I don't know but it was great to see some pandemonium in the pit as the kids went ape. Despise You then. Were they worth the hype? Well, yes, to me they were, but others seemed a little underwhelmed. Maybe the pit punks were worn out after the buffoonery that went on during The 'Gentlemen's set? Maybe 90's power violence isn't as cool as growing a moustache these days? Maybe I'm just an old bugged out of touch with tha kidz? I have to say I did rather enjoy sitting down at Brude along with Luke B and Kilvo taking in all the bands and discussing Cricket rules and Football transfers during the bands ... Old punks never die. They just sit at the back with a pale ale.

***Carnival of Souls.** An old black and white horror classic. A haunted carnival is populated by waltzing ghouls and ghosts. Do yourself a favour and check it out. It's skill as.

***Beaur** - pronounced b-yoo-wer - another example of the mess we made of the English language. Your beaur was your girlfriend as in: "Have you got a beaur?"; "Is she your beaur?" and "Err, you see that Molesworth? She's your beaur, you love her!"

JUST HANGING AROUND

Guisborough is a small town with very good bus links to the outer world and civilisation but many, many moons back it did have a train station can you believe it! No more though and all that remains of the Ancient Capital of Cleveland's rail heritage are a number of long dusty tracks that run atop an embankment or are surrounded by woody dog walks. The "Lines", as they were affectionately known to the Gibba Wild Kids back in the day, provided ample aping around opportunities and we took full advantage of them whenever possible.

The Lines at the bottom of our street for some reason had a few mounds of gritty earth where some pits had been dug out. Of course this provided a ready made den for us eager adventurers and jumping about in them was a fine way to wile away the hours. Opposite the pits was a mucky stream that trickled its way through a small clump of trees and a prickly bush lined ravine. To us, of course, it was a death defying white water rapid through a veritable jungle! A forest of doom, laden with traps and pitfalls that would ensnare and destroy the unwary warrior! Yes, it was quite obvious we didn't have girlfriends or a steady grasp on reality and spent far too much time reading Fighting Fantasy novels. Forest of Doom indeed. One particularly long and relentlessly sunny afternoon a gang of us took up our positions in the pits and talked about how hard Buck Rogers was and how sexy Wilma Deering was, whether you really could fire arrows as fast as Crow in Hawk The Slayer or Star Wars figures that were rumoured to exist because someone went to America and saw them there in a shop but didn't buy them so could never back up their claims ... Jabba always reckoned he had the Cantina band but never ever showed it to anyone as "he wasn't allowed". Someone, obviously tiring of such riveting conversation suggested it was time for "Tunnel Practice".

This was a peculiar, and Health and Safety nightmare of an activity, which presented us with copious chances to get muddy, push each other in the water, have a right laugh, (for one of us at least) put used johnnies on your hand* and hopefully not contract weils disease or cholera.

Starting at one end of the dark and deadly tunnel of terror we would set about clambering, climbing and crawling through muddy water and dusty river banks as hawthorn trees and bramble bushes sought to jab us with their thorny armour. If an 'awd gadgie was at work in his allotment on the other side we had to stay quiet so as not to alert the enemy to our presence and if we came across a big filthy rat or frog we would be anything but quiet. Emerging from the undergrowth at the end of a successful "Tunnel Practice" one day however we were met by a fearsome sight at our pit. Gwyn, who stayed to watch over the pit and guard it from invading hordes was only talking to local psychopath Boss Eye and his vile side kick Gnome! There are many tales in Gibba Wild Kids Folklore about these two ne-er-do-wells: the infamous "I got an itchy cock" chase is probably the most infamous, though Starky's big sister paggering Gnome is a close second, but today they seemed more inclined to talk to us rather than stove our noses in.

Boss Eye had a snail in his hand and with a lollipop stick proceeded to basically kill the poor creature and dig it's body out of the shell offering no reason other than "I fucking hate snails me". We weren't dealing with 5 A* to C at GCSE people here. He continued his attempts to engage us.

Looking at Gwyn he asked "Have you got a fanny?"

Bemused at the bizarre question (what was a fanny? We didn't know! We were nine years old!) Gwyn opted for yes.

Boss Eye looked at me as Gnome, the personification of "small man syndrome", giggled and chirruped in his own unique semi evolved manner.

"What about you? Have you got a fanny?"

"Err, I don't think so." was my nervous response.

This went on until all five of us had answered his question. At last he decided he'd had enough of this line of questioning and roared with laughter pointing at Gwyn saying:

"Ha Ha! He's got a fanny! I haven't 'cos I'm not a woman! Only women have a fanny. You're a woman. Hey, you lot, he's a woman. Your mate is a woman. What's your name? Is it Susan? 'Cos that's a woman's name and you're a woman 'cos you've got a fanny! I haven't got a fanny 'cos etc"

... and with that they wandered off roaring with laughter and very proud of themselves leaving us in a state of utter bamboozlement. When they were out of ear shot Gwyn turned to us and said "What's a fanny?"



Geoffrey OilCott Sheffield March 2013

As The Lines were long straight erm, lines, you could walk and walk and walk for miles in a long, straight, er, line and at the other end of one of them was a playground and park type area where a load of the posh kids from school lived. For a short period of time one summer, a few of us, when we were a bit older, and tired of

crawling in streams and wondering what a fanny was, would wander over to this more salubrious quarter of town to occupy our summer evenings. Decked out in our finest Fred Perry's and stone washed jeans, we would meet up with lads like Stewpot and Filing Cabinet to play booter and try our best to impress posh girls who in reality were more in to horses and going to University than anything us rough 'uns from the other estate had to say ... but it didn't deter us.

This park was a really nice one. Lush green grass, swings and slides and stuff that hadn't been vandalised or were surrounded by glue bags and empty Spesh cans. This was certainly not like Kemplah field where if you were lucky you could get shot with an air rifle by some illiterate goblin hiding in a tree or see Ponner woggy Pinky and hang his wabs over the goal posts. This wasn't like the equally rough and "behind the shops" Belmont field either where Trousers got tricked in to drinking wee and went home and swilled his mouth out with disinfectant. Nope, this was a proper nice park without broken glass and dog shit everywhere. Where the girls smell of flowers and unicorns and the boys wear shirts and can speak a full fucking sentence without fucking swearing.

In the park they had this whirly thing. It was like a roundabout but more dangerous. A big metal ball with seats attached to it that span round and round making you dizzy. Having a go on it was dicing with death as everyone would spin it despite your protests to stop as you were feeling ill. It became something of a dare. A showing off opportunity. Who was hard enough to go on the whirly thing when every spun it round fast as? Needless to say, with posh horsey girls, who looked like extras from The Breakfast Club, sitting on the swings with their feet daintily swinging, there was no shortage of show-er off-ers. One such fellow was my mate Spazz. (Middle Spazz to be precise as he had an older and younger brother ... we've been through this before haven't we?) If he was indeed trying to impress Tabatha and Hermione it spectacularly back fired ...

Sitting on the whirly thing, Spazz began his obligatory routine of pretending it wasn't fast enough and he could take more! We all span it faster and faster but of course, he was wass rock and it wasn't bothering him at all.

"Is that the best you can do?"

"Faster you bunch of wimps!"

Pretending to sit back or go to sleep was also de rigeur as showing off reached a premium. Maybe, just maybe, one of the posh girls would come over and marvel at his heroics?

Then Boydy turned up. Oh dear. Boydy was the local hard case. A better breed of nutter than our own Boss Eye and Gnome as he wore one of those heavy woolen tartan jackets with metal loops on, tight Pepe jeans (with the key ring on a belt loop) and Adidas trainers. He also carried a comb which he spent an inordinate amount of time running through his slicked back blonde quiff. When he was older he probably grew a 'tache and hung around the school gates waiting for his school age girlfriend who thought he was great because he had a Ford Capri. Boydy was a big lad and decided that if indeed Spaz wanted us to go faster then go faster we shall.

"Let's have a go lads eh?" was enough for everyone to stand back in awe as the beefy young adult took up the challenge laid down by the now panicking Spazz.

"No, wait, I wanna get off!" the look of terror on his face was plain for all to see as Boydy showed no mercy and set about spinning Spazz in to oblivion! All we could see was a blur of colour as he went round and round ... anguished cries to stop were falling on deaf ears. Nobody really knew what to do and when the spinning Spazz screamed "STOP! I'M GONNA BE SICK!" someone tentatively made a suggestion:

"Erm, Boydy mate .. you'd better stop ... erm ... if you don't mind?"

"Yeah, I've had enough of this lark, off to get some fags me!" and with that he stopped and wandered shop-wards. To buy fags. 'Cos he's nails. The spinny thing finally came to a stop and a dishevelled and clearly unable to stand Spazz dizzied around before grabbing hold of a bench

and hoying his guts up in fine style all over the concrete floor by the device of death that had caused his wobbly legged woe. It goes without saying he didn't fancy a game of booter and had a "sit down" having failed miserably in his attempts to impress the posh lasses. Poor lad. Boydy did return an hour later and taking in the sight of his destructive doing had only this to say when casting a cursory glance at the Spazz spew:

"Urghh who had chips for tea?"

Hanging about as we reached our mid teen years was a different matter altogether and as every town does, we had a place where teenagers go to, well, you know, just hang out. When spinny spew machines and games of footer will no longer suffice a need emerges for outside a shop, a playing field, a park or some other open space, where kids of all types will congregate and generally sort of interact and awkwardly express themselves to each other. We had The Avenue. A big, wide road that bisected two very posh estates and was flanked from top to bottom by a veritable canopy of enormous sky scraping trees giving the paths and road beneath a strange ethereal feel at times. Friday night, of course was hang out night and an eclectic gaggle of kids would descend en masse to The Avenue from all over the town. A heady mix of representatives from every branch of the school social strata would all mingle, show off, talk and well ... as I said just hang out, Of course, add booze to this hormonal merry go round of fourteen to sixteen year olds, and things could get interesting. Now when I say booze I mean three lads sharing sips from two tins of Carling and making out that they are wass hard and drunk without being either. One of the horsey girls from the spinny thing park once however, did it in fine style and by the time her Dad realised that a full bottle of wine was missing from his drinks cabinet, she was falling around on a kerb, crying about nothing in general and chucking her guts up after necking the lot. I'll never forget the combination of horror, relief and utter wretched vomit-in-the-hair and everything look on her face when Dad's

car door opened and he scooped her up to take her home and ground her until her 39th birthday which was probably last year.

Girls were, let us be honest, the real reason we all went out. With that air of delusion that only fifteen year old boys have, a shower, brush your hair and go out with it still wet, splash on some Brut 33 and you are looking good - ladies beware! In reality you looked a right tit. There were mullets. Yes, that most reviled of hair style that for some reason was deemed cool in the middle of the cultural vomitorium that was the '80s, could still be spotted frequently in the north east of England well in to the early 1990's! Checking your look in the mirror post shower, your jet black flowing long at the back monstrosity would hang resplendently over your shoulders in all its short top and sides glory. By the time you got to The Avenue however, it had dried and you looked like a Second Division footballer.

I remember meeting this really cool and hot blonde lass once who went to a different school but knew all the posh kids. She had ice white hair in a bob which wasn't the done thing amongst the posse of permed pink ladies from our school. She also wore a cardigan that was a bit too big. No Gallini sweatshirts here. No batwing jumpers or ski jackets for her. Nope. She also had a Stone Roses t shirt on before anyone really knew who the mischievous Manc monkeys were. I had discovered my first indie girl and I liked her. I had seen the Indie Chart on ITV's The Chart Show last Saturday and had a rough idea who they were and my mate Clive, who wasn't called Clive but everyone called him it to piss him off, had come back from his Dad's house somewhere up in Scotland with 12"s by Northside, The Happy Mondays and, oh lordy, The Farm. I could blag this I figured as I suavely introduced myself with some stinging line like "Alright, I like your t shirt" Ladykiller me. "Do you like the Happy Mondays as well?" Class. I was on a roll. I thought I'd hit the jackpot when she answered that she did and I carried on my seduction, talking about the

"Wrote For Luck" video I had seen last Saturday and mentioned a few other bands that I'd seen clips of on the same program making out I knew loads about 'em and, you know, heard they were playing Middlesbrough Town Hall but couldn't go 'cos you know my parents are Nazis. Or summat. She wasn't so keen on Brideswell Taxis I discovered and the conversation dried up a bit. I imagined myself as some indie connoisseur with a pile of obscure, but painfully hip records at home when in reality I was more likely to treat a prospective visitor to my bedroom to a Cyndi Lauper 12", U2's "Under A Blood Red Sky" CD or the fucking Soup Dragons! My attempts to woo the enigmatic young lady were doomed to failure ...



Vitamin X. Sheffield March 2013

I honestly believed that I had more chance of some snogging than Snuffy and his side kick Urine (not their real names as usual) though. To give you an example of the standard of character we are dealing with here I recall a bizarre wintery evening on our estate when Snuffy and Wabs appeared with one of those joke shop invisible dogs. A stick disguised as a dog lead with a collar on the end so it looked like you were walking an invisible dog was obviously too tempting for Wabs when at Whitby Joke Shop and his pocket money was gone. Hoping to recoup the expenditure on the

invisible dog he hatched a money making scheme that Thatcher would have been proud of. I was on my own as our lad and a few others had nipped up to the sweet shop but as I had one brewing, I had decided to stay near home, and the chod bin I could sense I would need just as I arrived at the 10p mix bag counter.

I wondered what on earth Snuffy and Wabs were doing knocking on folks doors with their invisible dog and when they got to the gate post at our house that I was sat atop I asked them. "We're doing 'Penny For The Invisible Dog!' You can come with us if you want!" They were knocking on folks doors and saying "Penny For The Invisible Dog!" for Debbie's sake! Out of sheer curiosity and wondering if a) someone would actually give them money to buy the invisible bones they claimed their pooch needed or b) someone would tell them to "Fuck off" or even better knock 'em one, I followed and watched from afar ... Everyone told them to fuck off to be fair and I got bored at the lack of violence and gnashed it one home ... anyway I digress ... back to The Avenue ...

Hanging out with us at a bus stop in the middle of the leafy lane, Snuffy tired of us lads blathering on about going to the Boro match tomorrow, and turned to Urine suggesting: "Come on mate, well never get any clit hanging around with these losers!" They wandered off down to the beck that streamed along the waste ground by The Avenue, presumably in search of willing "clit" but more likely bumping in to Acky, the local lunatic/drug dealer/violent criminal who was well known to all for his prodigious use of recreational substances in some nearby woods with his despicable henchman whose name escapes me but was probably something like Pezzer. Actually there was a lad called Pezzer who kept a motorbike in his bedroom and legend tells that his family didn't have enough light bulbs for the whole house and used to take them from room to room on a night! We weren't exactly from the most affluent side of town, but these two were sacky as fuck and had the social skills, academic

achievements and career aspirations that would make a Neanderthal Man tut and shake his head. I think Acky had a five-a-side team at the local sports hall called the Hairy Beefburgers who won every match. This of course didn't suggest any superior technical ability and tactical nous, no, it simply meant everyone was shit scared of getting their yacks paggered in for daring to tackle them or try and score against them. They all played in Doc Martins. Followed Boro home and away he did though with a packed lunch that included four cans of supermarket lager and a lead pipe. His approach to fashion was suspect and a filthy grey over coat would probably have to be surgically removed from him if it were ever to come off. I remember seeing a tiny, but fire-y, lady Maths teacher smacking him round the head repeatedly at school once for not understanding what two bananas plus one apple was ...

Saying that, we were not the most fashionable of fellows, me and my mates, and this was brought home all the more when venturing to this most exclusive end of town where all the rich kids lived. They all had expensive mountain bikes. While me and my buddy Honker had to settle for ploughing through the mud on Raleigh Mavericks and Mustangs, before bezzing home caked in mud to get done off Mam for trapesing it all around the house and having the indignity of having to disrobe outside before pegging it through the living room in your shreddies, carrying a bundle of filthy tracky bottoms and a sweatshirt covered in millions of muddy spots from the back wheel, where there would always be some Great Aunt visiting who was sipping tea out of the china that yer Mam never ever let you near to "get up them bloody stairs and in that ruddy bath lad", they all had Muddy Fox bikes and proper mountain bike clothes and shit. And didn't they know it? At every opportunity the fuckers would love to show everyone just how much fucking money their Daddy had. Bastards. If you didn't have the right school bag, trainers, jacket or even at one point bloody pencil case(!) there were a gang of wankers in rugby shirts and twat shoes (you know the ones,

like a moccasin/deck shoe type thing, you know the type? Worn by twats! The Jeremy Clarkson's of the future) who would happily take the piss out of you for it. Kippo was such a turd and delighted in stealing Hareso's ruler once and making the ends all curvy on the belt sander in CDT or there was the time he made Zebbedie the laughing stock of the class because he dared to wear some trainers that were Hi-Tec or Dunners and weren't Adidas, Puma, Nike or whatever else was cool at the time - though he was probably wearing something like Pony, which in hindsight makes him more of a bell end caught up in the short lived American Football craze of the 80's. Yep he was spoilt fucker and so were his army of posh bike riding, big house living in, expensive trainer wearing wankers. One morning at school however before register we were all sat in our form room waiting for teacher to roll up and try to engage us in some sort of conversation, Kippo pushed it too far and took the piss out of Honker's Mam or Dad, sending my mate Honker absolutely crazy ape shit bonkers. When we were at Primary School, Plooms told Um Bongo that his Dad was a beetroot and not a person. This made Um Bongo cry. He didn't go mental and batter Plooms for this indiscretion, but in the brutal environs of secondary school, things were different. Very different.

Honker started biting his finger, which he always did when he got angry, a sort of nervous twitch type thing, and launched an attack on the posh fucker's head. The usually mild mannered fellow windmilled in to him with fists flying and arms flailing! It was a joy to behold and seeing the posh kid getting knacked as fuck was hilarious. We stayed away from The Avenue that weekend, but within a few months we had a new hang out ... a big clearing up the woods where we could have fires, drink booze, try and get off with girls and watch Ryan set fire to himself, but as always ... that's another story ...

* The "used johnnie on the hand" incident. See the book. It's not that particular young man's finest hour.

PUNK FOOTBALL!

Dan Colbourne is well known in Fen Punk circles as front man with defunct Lincoln punx The Bomb Dogs and equally defunct Leeds thrash unit Mouth. Instead of screaming himself silly nowadays he has turned his hand to movie making and spent the last year or so putting together a documentary on non league fans footy team FC United of Manchester. Me and Dan Zero bezzed up to Manchester one Saturday afternoon in the summer to catch a screening of his film at the wonderful Small Cinema in Moston. Of course movie maker Dan Colbourne jumped at the chance to grace the pages of Gadgie fanzine!



What inspired you to say "Right I'm gonna make a film!"?

DC: I've wanted to make films for years, but I never had the ability or the equipment to do it, so three years ago when I was stuck in a job that I hated, I decided to apply for a Broadcast Media degree before I was too ancient. To be honest, the degree was a bit of a shambles, full of posh cokeheads and people who couldn't spell camera, let alone use one. Despite all this, I stumbled through it and picked up enough experience and camera equipment to make a documentary for my final semester project.

Why did you choose that particular story to make a film of?

DC: I thought about making a documentary on FC St Pauli at first, because their story is a great mixture of sport and politics, but it wasn't practical to make a documentary in Hamburg when I was living in Leeds off a pretty meagre budget, so I started to look for other options. A few years ago I'd heard about FC United of Manchester, and I liked the idea of what they were doing, so I started reading up on them, and how their fans started the club, and why, and their journey so far, and so the idea of making a documentary on them started to form. So in October last year I travelled to Bury with a few of the Leeds punks for FC United's FA Cup tie with Hereford, and the atmosphere was pretty special. Their fans were so loud and passionate, and there was a real feeling of comradeship in the stands. I knew then that they were going to be the subject of my film.

So ... the FCUM story ... for the benefit of those who don't know it. Who are they and why were they set up? What attracted you to this tale of "Punk Football"?

DC: They were set up in 2005 when a group of Manchester United fans decided they'd had enough of the current situation at Old Trafford. The main reason was Malcolm Glazer taking over the club. He's the American owner of the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, and generally a very rich bloke. He couldn't afford to buy the club outright, so he borrowed millions first, and then saddled the club with that debt. That's the bit that everyone knows about anyway, but there are loads of other reasons too. The main impression I got from the fans I talked to is that they were just so sick and tired of the match day experience being so terrible in comparison to how it used to be. For young United fans it's not so bad. To them being a fan means watching your team on television and buying the odd replica shirt every now and then, but to the older United fans who were used to going week in, week out to watch their team, and were used to that buzz of standing with

tens of thousands of passionate fans, it was so difficult to accept when Old Trafford became so overpriced and had so little in terms of atmosphere, and a lot of fans were sick of it. You can understand why. They basically had their club stolen from them. I talked to people who said that generations of their family had been going to Old Trafford, and they felt that a Man United season ticket was their birthright, but they gave up on it and went to FC United because they felt that the club had abandoned them. The club basically decided it didn't care about the loyal fans. They wanted the casual fans. The ones who would go and spend a few hundred quid in the gift shop before the match.

It's different at FC. It's a community based club. Everyone who becomes a member of the club gets one share, which entitles them to one vote. If someone came along tomorrow and donated a million, he'd still get the same amount of say on matters as me with my £15 membership. Match days are great. You go to the members club and have a few bottles of beer, watch a band or stand-up comedian, have a bit of food, and then get down to the terraces and enjoy a game of football with a couple of thousand fans who love the game and love their club. It doesn't break the bank either. It's £8 a ticket for adults, concessions are a fiver and kids are about £2 I think. It's encouraging a new generation of football fans, which I think is brilliant. For me personally, I like the club for the same reasons I love punk. Yeah, you can go see a big flash band at the O2 arena or something, and you may well have a good time, but you'll be alone except for your group of mates, and your pockets will be empty by the end of the night. I've always preferred a gig upstairs at a pub, with a good beer and good friends. For me, FC are the footballing equivalent of a DIY punk gig, and I love it.

How did it feel as a Leeds United fan "switching allegiances" to a (sort of) Manchester United team. There's not exactly much love lost between the two

historically. Were you worried how the FCUM would take you as a film student? Were you "outed" as a Leeds fan at all?

DC: It's a funny one really because the reason I started supporting Leeds is because my dad supported Man United, and during the 91/92 season, when Leeds beat United to the title, I was just getting into football, and rather than go with my dad's team, who were also the favourites, I decided to go for the underdogs. It was a decision that paid off in the short term, but would ultimately cause me a lot of undue stress and misery in the long term. But yeah, the rivalry can be a pretty nasty and violent one. Being from Lincoln, and too young for the heyday of British football hooliganism, the rivalry for me was more about United's dominance of the Premier League. I hated the fact that one team could become so rich and powerful and trample over the dreams of other clubs and their supporters. I always thought that United fans had an arrogance to them. An attitude that seemed to say 'You're just jealous because we're the best'. I remember reading a United magazine that my dad had in the house in 98 and there was a picture from United's 7-0 drubbing of Barnsley, and the caption said something like "The Barnsley game: Did wonders for our goal difference" and I just remember thinking *fuck you, you arrogant wankers*.

So probably not the best attitude to take into a stadium full of United fans, and I was worried that being a Leeds fan would get me into trouble when I first started working on the documentary. To be honest though, I think to turn your back on a huge, successful club like Manchester United, and begin supporting a club playing in the lower leagues, takes an integrity and social awareness not usually associated with the sort of person that would chin someone for supporting a different football team to them. That said, not everyone there is a saint, so I definitely didn't advertise the fact that I was a Leeds fan. There were a few times when I was surrounded by a few hundred people all shouting 'We all hate Leeds scum!', which I thought was

pretty funny. There was a group of FC fans from Halifax in Yorkshire, who I interviewed, and they managed to get me to confess to being a Leeds fan. They gave me a bit of stick, as expected, but more than anything they were keen to tell me how anyone was welcome at FC United. Anyone except Man City fans. Apparently that's pushing it a bit too far.

How did you go about introducing yourself to the folks you ended up interviewing? Did it take a while to get their trust?

DC: I planned it pretty carefully to be honest. I didn't want to just turn up and ask for access and get told no straight away, so I went to a few games first, became a member and slowly tried to work my way in. Eventually I got into contact with the press officer who was cagey with me, but I persisted with him and eventually he agreed to meet me. He clearly didn't want to deal with a student filmmaker, so he passed me off onto a guy called Vinny, who is the guy to know at FC. He knows everyone at the ground. He told me that he's got around 5000 numbers on his phone and it wasn't difficult to believe. Luckily I got on with Vinny straight away. We had a chat about footy and The Fall and a few other topics, and he gave me his number and told me he'd put me in touch with a few people for an interview. A couple of months later and Vinny had arranged interviews for me with fans, players, the manager, the general manager, and most excitingly for me, actor Steve Evets, who starred in Looking for Eric, among other things. He was also in The Fall (along with half of Manchester), so it was a pretty big deal for me. His interview was great too. So yeah, I owe a lot to Vinny. Without him, there's a fair chance the documentary would've been shit.

What were your initial ideas for the film?

How did you want it to be put together?

Anything out there already that inspired you?

DC: I wasn't really sure how it was going to look when I first started. It was the first proper documentary I've made so the whole thing was a learning curve for me. Like I mentioned earlier I wasn't sure if I was going

to get interviews with any of the staff at the club, so there was the very real possibility that I would have to make the film purely about the fans, and their stories, which wouldn't necessarily have been a bad thing. I watched a documentary about the Old Firm recently, and it had been made without any permission from Rangers or Celtic, and it was decent. Having said that though, I wanted as much access to the club as possible for Punk Football. I'd been watching a lot of football documentaries before I started making it, like The Four Year Plan, Orient for a Fiver and An Impossible Job, and they're all great because the camera crew are right there, in the dugout and in the dressing room. You can practically smell the Deep Heat. I didn't quite reach the same levels of access as these films, but for a zero budget student film, I couldn't have been happier with the amount of access I was granted.

What were your initial plans for the film?

Did it come out as expected or did you change your approach or compromise your ideas for any reasons?

DC: There weren't really any solid plans at the beginning to be honest. The only thing I knew was that the team had lost in the last two consecutive playoff finals, and so they were fairly certain to be promotion contenders again this season. In the back of my mind, I knew it would be fairytale stuff if they went up and I was there to film it. You'll have to watch the film if you want to find out how they did (or you could look it up on Google, but I encourage you not to do that!). I guess the only other major thing that changed was the format. Originally I'd intended to make it 23 minutes long, which is a TV half hour, but as I started editing it, I thought 'This isn't a TV show, it's a film'. So it ended up as a 35 minute short film, which is long for a student film. The interest in a screening came after I put a trailer on YouTube. There was loads of interest straight away. A thousand hits within the first 3 or 4 days. I was pretty amazed. Then people started to get in touch about the possibility of having a screening. The Small Cinema in Moston asked

first, and they were the obvious location to have the first screening because they're a stones throw away from the site of FC United's new ground, which is due to start construction any time now with a view to being ready for the 2014/2015 season.

PUNK FOOTBALL

A DOCUMENTARY ON FC UNITED OF MANCHESTER



FIRST PUBLIC SCREENING

SMALL CINEMA
MOSTON

FREE

SATURDAY 22nd JUNE
KICK OFF 3PM

Did you ever have any idea that it would get a cinema screening? The Small Cinema is awesome! How did you get involved with the people at this wondrous little venue? How did it feel when you were stood in front of an audience introducing your film? I know your Mam and brother were there!

DC: The Small Cinema is a great little place. The host of the Punk Football, Howard told me it started life as a miners bath house and then became a social club for the ex-miners after the pit closed down (it's still known by most as The Miners today). Apparently it's had some dodgy owners over the years, including a well known Manchester gangster, but it seems to be in good hands now. It's all volunteer run, and it hosts all kinds of community based events. It's great because Moston is well known as being quite a rough part of Manchester, and I think it's the hope of all at FC United and The

Miners, that when the club starts its life there, they can start to do some real good for the community. So obviously I was delighted to have the film shown there. It was a great day for me, because my mum, brother and girlfriend all travelled over to see it, and even a couple of Bostonians including Mr Jolly himself even made the trip, so that put the icing on the cake! I was asked to introduce the film, and I was pretty nervous about it. I think it went alright, apart from the fact that my brother told me afterwards that I was tapping my leg with my hand all the way through. I did the same when I gave his best man speech as well. So I've developed a nervous tick by the looks of it. Nice one! There's some more screenings on the cards as well. It's being shown in Manchester again in a few weeks, then it's being shown in a pub down south after FC play AFC Wimbledon in a few weeks, and there's talk of screenings in Chester, London, Nottingham and Southend, so it's getting around nicely!

**What did the University folk make of it all?
What's next for Dan Colbourne Film Maker?
DVD release?**

DC: I'm not really sure what the Uni thought of it to be honest. They must have thought it was OK because they showed it at the end of year showcase, but no fucker showed up, so who knows! I get my results tomorrow actually, so I'll see what they thought of it then! There's no plans for a DVD at the moment. The club got a bit funny with me about the film at the end (just the press officer actually). They're worried I'm going to try and sell it and make a profit out of the cub, which was never my intention. I gave them my word I wouldn't sell it, so unless the club decide they want to put it out, it's going to be a YouTube job.

After the dust settles on Punk Football, my plan is to start my own production company. Nothing big. Probably just the equivalent of a small punk label. I've got a couple of ideas for my next films. The first being a film about Sunday League football. It'll basically just be me going out and meeting people who play Sunday League

from all over the country. I'm hoping to meet a wide range of players from Saturday and Sunday leagues, and get some interesting stories, and maybe a tough tackle or two. The second film I'm thinking about making is a documentary on Skrewdriver, which had gotten me some funny looks from the few people I've told so far. They're a band that everyone knows about, but not in much detail. I think it'd be really interesting to go out and talk to people who were involved in the band, and find out what turned them from a decent non-political 70's punk band into the nazi posterboys that they're known as today. Whether it will happen or not remains to be seen because there are obvious difficulties in making such a film, but we'll see.



Before I finish, can I just ask, if anyone does have any great Sunday League stories I'd love to hear them.

My email is: daniel.colbourne@gmail.com.

Cheers for having us Marv!

You're welcome Dan. I'd leave that Skrewdriver idea alone if I were you but if you need some footage of the mighty Fosdyke FC in action give us a shout. The Tangerine Dream were made for such a movie!

If you wanna watch the film it's up on YouTube now!

GUEST GADGIE! PAUL INITONIT

Satan In A Suit

I love the Omen trilogy. I think it's partly nostalgia for the fact they were among the first horror films I was able to watch on TV. We didn't have a video player for years and it was hard staying up to watch late night movies. But I remember loving Omen 3 at the time. Now it all seems very silly - special knives to kill Satan's version of Jesus? Fucking please! And Sam Neil's performance is very over the top - but quite fun. I can see why the critics didn't love parts two and three as much as the awesome first film! But I love the concept that Satan rises in the world of politics and then, also, big business. Politics and big business are evil - full of self-serving, unscrupulous fucking bastards. It's fucking perfection. The fucker even goes fox hunting in the third film - the epitome of evil! I can just imagine David Cameron melting into Cthulhu halfway through a press conference!

Margaret Thatcher was called the Wicked Witch of Grantham - what a fucking insult to witches. Pagans know witches aren't evil. Thatcher was more Countess Bathory than witch - an evil - blood drinking vampire sucking the life blood out of the country - and the working class! The analogies are numerous and obvious - the minions (MPs, directors etc) doing Satan's bidding, the good and righteous battling to defeat the great evil (political activists) and Satan's plot to destroy the world (war and pollution). And of course, Satan tries to manipulate the minds of the innocent - for example, Ronald McDonald targeting children in their vile marketing campaigns!

Of course I don't believe in religion - but it does produce some great stories - and many a fucking awesome horror film/story wouldn't exist without the mythology of the Bible. What would you hold out to scare a vampire without the cross? A fucking stick? And, of course, Satan sits on his high fucking throne as millions

of innocents are slaughtered in his pointless wars as he sits in the safety of a huge fucking palace. He watches over the starving, the sick and the destitute as he drinks the wine of life from the broken skulls of the unbelievers (anarchists).

Ironing is the new rock 'n' roll

I know many punks don't have to go near an iron in their entire life, but the simple fact is I have to wear a shirt for work, and shirts need ironing. Doing housework is very liberating, you get a real sense of achievement when you've finished - especially if it's done to the sounds of The Dwarves, Active Slaughter, or, the ultimate housework music Napalm Death. Ironing and housework are not exact sciences, they are necessary evils that should be done in a 10 minute blast. Fuck ironing pants and tea towels, fuck dusting behind the sofa and fuck drying up, life's too short to spend hours upon end on making your home all posh. It just has to be habitable.

If you take this basic philosophy on board, then you can see why you feel elated when your fortnightly chores are completed to perfection. It means the crap is out of the way and now you can do what the fuck you like without having to worry about it. However, ironing is by far the coolest part of housework. An iron is a lethal weapon. There's a great bit in Omen III The Final Conflict where one of Damien's followers tries to kill his own child. The follower's wife kills him by twatting him in the eye with a hot iron - one of my favourite horror movie deaths ever.

At my flat in Louth I had a rather fetching burn mark on the carpet in the shape of an iron. I was probably listening to The Dwarves too intensely when the red hot beast decided to leap out of my hands (tripping over the wire probably didn't help either). I tried to catch the beast, but it bit (burned) me for my trouble and hit the carpet with all the ferocity of an escaping domestic appliance. So you see, having such a dangerous beast in your hands in order to complete the most mundane of tasks is very cool indeed!

RECORDS RECORDS RECORDS

I love records me.

I love "power violence", "crust", "grind", "thrash", "d-beat", "fast core" and any other "music" with a really silly sounding name that basically means unlistenable, brutal, raging fucking noise ... and Blondie.

Send pop punk and ska punk at your peril.

ATENTADO

"DIAS DE RABIA" MLP

Fuck me! What a diabolical din! Pummelling drums, barbed wire to the face guitar and the most desperate vocals I've heard from a woman in many a year. Taking their cues from Discharge's Why 12" and adding utterly horrific shrieks from a singer who sounds like she is being threatened with execution if she stops singing make this aural wire wool an extremely uncomfortable listen. The Peni-esque art work is just as bleak with migraine inducing nightmarish visions of hopelessness and despair. Nine tracks in all and you'd be hard pushed to find a more desolate take on Discharge. Unreal.

LA VID ES UN MUS RECORDS



BELGRADO

"PANOPTICON/VICIOUS CIRCLE" 7"

Wow. This was a pleasant surprise. I'm not really up to date with this band, but believe this bunch of Barcelona based international punkers have a well received LP out from two years ago and these two tracks are a taster from the

"being recorded" second one. Put me down for a copy then and anyone who can send me the first please do because this is wazzle stuff. Dark, and cold sounding new wavy, post punk. A hint of goth, a hint of anarcho punk, a surging rhythm section, big echo on the axe and distant female vocals. File next to Crimson Scarlet. Killing Joke meeting the Banshees? Whatever it's a winner.

LA VID ES UN MUS RECORDS

BRAIN Fz

"SLEEP ROUGH" LP

Every so often I come across a record that I know I really like. I know that it sounds good but I'll be buggered if I can describe exactly what it sounds like to you the ever loyal and patient readership of Gadgie. Brain "Flannel" (I'm lead to believe this is how you say their name) make an alluring and wonderfully weird cacophony. The first thing that strikes you is the pounding and chaotic nature of the music that seems to be coming out of a cement mixer. Fuzzy but crisp. Hard and fast but rowdily infectious. Angular but with muscle. Chaos with control. Buried beneath this falling down the stairs production are the bantering vocals that really do throw you. No screaming and grunting. Nope. Bizarrely we are assaulted with poppy female vocals which sway to and fro with those of a much drier bloke's. The lassies voice had me thinking of modern pop pixies that you'd more likely hear on Radio 1, certainly not on a raging punk LP like this, maybe a bit like Exene or Penelope Houston. Whatever, a band that defies description must be a good thing right? This record is a good thing.

STATIC SHOCK RECORDS

CHAOS CHANNEL

"HOW YOU'D NEVER BEEN SO HIGH, BUT THEN YOU'D NEVER NEEDED TO BE" LP

Legendary alumni of the 90's Japanese noise scene (I'm reliably informed) return with a full length and it's awesome. Now this is a scene I am not, it has to be said, as fully versed in as I am in others, but this is some of the strongest material I've had thrust my way from this whole "noise" thing that is sending everybody gaga at present. Chaos Channel obviously worship at the same altar as those pesky Wankys and I've come

across many other bands who seem intent in making a wild, chaotic din that buzzes away in an almost indecipherable fashion of late but this LP is different. Chaos Channel have a very clean production job. Less fuzz. Less distortion. Less migraine induction. Less buzzing fucking racket. It's what Japanese noise bands would sound like if you could hear what they were all playing! Danceable Psychedelic Noise! Oh lordy!

TARDIS RECORDS, 111 HILLSIDE ROAD, ST GEORGE, BRISTOL, BS5 7PB, ENGLAND

COLD WAR

"FAST BERLIN HARDCORE" CD

The reviews pretty much done for me really with a title like that. Cold War are fast and come from Berlin and rank Tom Chapman (who now handles axe duties in Geoffrey OilCott fact fans) amongst their number. Compiled here are 38 tracks making up, I imagine, Cold War's complete discography and it's a treat for fans of Crossed Out, Siege, No Comment and the likes. It's just what we like blasting through the darkened corridors of Gadgie Towers. Harsh and unpleasant. Obviously a hit round 'ere.

DEEP SIX RECORDS



THE CONSUMERS

"ALL MY FRIENDS ARE DEAD" LP

The thing I love about punk rock is that no matter how long you've been listening to it (I've been listening to punk rock for yonks) and no matter how much you know about it (I would dare to say I know a fair bit) there is always something you don't know. There's millions of bands out there that I've never heard or heard of and probably never will. There's countless obscure bands that burned brightly for a short time and then were snuffed out to become nowt

more than a forgotten flier in someone's attic. In some cases it's for the best, but in others, it's a travesty. It is therefore cause for joyous celebration when you find out about such a band and they turn out to be as good as The Consumers. Not having a clue who they were I read a great interview with one of the surviving members in LA's Razorcake zine and they sounded intriguing. Total KBD obscurio punk but with a really fresh and razor sharp sound. Lean, mean and pissed off punks from a time and place (Phoenix to be precise) when being a punk was a daily fight against everything. The guitar sound they've managed to create is viciously melodic and I can only imagine the carnage their gigs would have attracted in late 70's Arizona. Visions of outsiders, fuck ups and misfits all scrapping with mullet and mesh cap red necks in a dive of a bar as The Consumers thrash away on stage are probably not far from the truth!

IN THE RED RECORDS

DISABILITY

"ROCK AND ROLL TIGERS" TAPE

There's lo-fi and there's lo-as-fuck-fi. This tape release looks like a game you'd get free when you bought a ZX81. Musically, it's a murky affair veering between blunt and laborious Jesus Lizard filth and brooding unpleasantness. Hard work.

COMMON THREAD RECORDS (Tape series number 1)

EAT DEFEAT

"PRESSURES" CD

Clean as a whistle pop/melodic/skate/whatever punk from this hard working bunch of scalliwags that I am sure TNS Records will fall over themselves to sign up. They manage to stay on the dark side and the songs have a hint of melancholic melody rather than the everythings-wonderful-wackiness of Stink 18Poo and their hordes of imitators. Not terrible ... oh no ... hang on ... that was a ska riff! Get off my land!

SKA MUTINY RECORDS

FLAT BACK FOUR

"PROTECT YOURSELF" CD

Super fast, melodic punk in a rough and ready fashion from the north west of England. These

fruit cakes are good friends of the Boston punk crowd and we had a strange incident one night when Murt booked them for a gig at the IQ. Ste had parked the Flat Back Four-mobile in the market place on a Friday night and unbeknown to him, the council blokes come and set the market up in the middle of the night for Saturday morning and any cars in the way ... well there'd be bother of some sort. Simple solution? Someone tell him and he can move it before we all get ourselves excited and in drink. Or you could tell him at 11.30pm when the council men are cussing and cursing. Guess which one happened? Between us, that's the members of the band and about four more sozzled reprobates from the pub, we decided to push the car down a side street as Ste, one foot in and one foot out, steered the car between market stalls, drunken revellers and bemused taxi drivers. We managed to get it down Church Street and hoped for the best. I still can't believe the copper who stopped us to ask what the ruddy 'eck we were doing believed us, shook his head and thought something like "these nobbers are not really up to doing anything serious" and left us be ... so a year or so later a CD arrives via carrier pigeon at Gadgie Towers collecting five of their faves (though sadly no "My Mum's a Prostitute") on to an EP. Well four tunes and a Blackadder cover - history nerds eh? It's rough and tumble punk rock that's fast and frenzied enough to avoid the pop punk tag but with an ear for a tune that keeps the kids lapping it up. Fast, fun and frolicking punk rock! Gadgie approves.

Find 'em on Facebook.



GLAM

"VENENO EN SUS FLECHAS" LP

Barcelona, it would appear has a well oiled production line of awesome raw thrash bands

and Glam were the first one to draw my attention to the fact that it wasn't just their footer team that were laying waste to everyone else around the world. I caught them live at the wonderful 1in12 Club and they adopted the play everything as fast as possible and leave everyone short of breath but wanting more policy to perfection. About twenty five minutes of raw machine gun punk. The 7" they were hawking captured their fat free, blistering barrage perfectly and now a full length arrives ... With a clean production job they remarkably still manage to retain a raw feel. The primal drumming thunders everything along relentlessly amongst the feedback and dry, desperate vocals that sound more "distant" than on the 7". Intense and harsh in a way that harkens back to the squat punks of the 80's if they were trying to out angry Conflict. Not as immediate as the 7" but just as vicious.

LA VID ES UN MUS RECORDS

HATED 'TIL PROVEN

"SONGS FOR THE SHORT OF ATTENTION" CD

This CD is a cacophonous collection of confusion if you ask me. One moment it sounds like a super slick slew of Casualties/Lobotomies rollicking romp. This is good. The next moment there's some skanking Left Over Crack cack. This is not good. Fortunately for the denizens of Gadgie Towers, where people have spent months in the dungeons fed only on bread, water and Capitalist Casualties 7"s for crimes such as playing ska punk, the chunky, punky heavy riffage takes up the majority of the hard and fast songs on this album. Phew. Lyrically, Hated 'Til Proven are no lightweights either. "Fuck The EDL." Well said my friends, well said.

TNS RECORDS

HOWL

"HOWL" TAPE

First impressions are not great. The muddy opener has a clunky positive hardcore of the 90's feel about it. As the tape spools on however, it tightens up and, still in the 90's, hits with far more impact. A bit Born Against? A bit all those bands that gave you a demo CD-r at their gig but you never heard of again in the

late 1990's like Dead Against (who? exactly!). Pretty solid and simple hard as nails hardcore punk.

COMMON THREAD RECORDS (Tape series number 2)

THE JERKY BEATS

"... PLAY SONGS FOR LOVERS" TAPE EP

Legend has it that this batch of raw as sandpaper bog roll demo tapes were put together on a pile of cassettes found in a charity shop or land fill or summat. Ordering one was gonna be like Russian roulette as some of 'em may not even work! It's with great relief that I find my copy plays (it appears to be taped over the Blackadder episode where he falls for "Bob" his "man" servant) and I get to hear the mysterious Jerky Beats and with titles like "Tory Party Dance Party" or "A Witty Conversationalist (Nobody Votes Liberal Anymore)" I would feel left out if I had one of the duds. Philger, the SouthHCoast man of a thousand bands, takes up the mic and rants and raves in a ranty ravey fashion as his band mates thrash out some tinny, stripped down garagey punk beats. Shitty Limits, Love Triangle couldn't give a shit, fuck you punk. Playing for petrol money near you in a local toilet to eleven people soon. Great obviously.

Self Released. Do some digging.

KREMLIN

"WILL YOU FEED ME?" 7"

Toronto is a mighty fine city - Fucked Up, Career Suicide, School Jerks ... and now Kremlin appear on the Gadgie Towers racket radar. A reissue of their debut platter and it's a damn fine caustic clattering of harsh noise. Sickening vocals over bleak and unsubtle rage that remind me a little of the dense wall of noise that London's No smashed your teeth in with last year on their 12". Like if the Inservibles had good equipment. Chaos reigns on here and there is an LP out there somewhere I'm told. Not for softies. No way.

GRAVE MISTAKE RECORDS (who have also put out yet another great Night Birds LP. This label can do no wrong!)



THE MAGNIFICENT

"BAD LUCKY" CD

I may have been a little harsh on The Magnificent calling 'em the Not Bad last time out as this new CD is a really assured slice of gritty, melodic punk. It's has the feel of a 90's UK band playing Gaslight type Anthems initially but as the album goes on I get a whiff of Avail. Again however, it's in a downbeat, grainy fashion with an unsentimental twist. Lyrically there's also a sting in the tail - no Springsteen-esque driving your Chevy off down dusty beach roads in to the sunset. More like drab sea side towns and high rise flats. Kitchen sink punk! If Gaslight Anthem and Social Distortion are big slick, Hollywood blockbuster movies by James Cameron or Michael Bay on ITV, The Magnificent are Ken Loach or Mike Leigh movies on Film 4. I'd turn over. Would you?

TNS RECORDS

MANPIG LP

I was recently fortunate enough to acquire the "new" Manpig LP when Ralf in Brighton received a shipment of 'em that I imagine left as soon as they arrived ... there is a story to this one ... recorded way back in 1992 as a three piece including Infest members no less, the tape spent time in limbo hell collecting dust before it mysteriously disappeared. Two of the original three picked up the baton years later and between 2004 and 2010 put together this long lost portion of power violence procrastination so it can now finally sees the light of day. Fortunately the laborious recording process is not reflected in the pace of the tunes dug in to the wax. The LP is adorned with harsh artwork (from someone out of Extortion I think) that suggests this won't be a barrel of laughs and it isn't. Opening with a bass line that sounds like

we are in for some Dystopia-esque misery is a red herring as seconds later Manpig drop in to a maelstrom of blunt Infest style raging hardcore. It's the obvious reference, considering the two man outfit were both members of the legendary Infest ... who I hear are reforming/have reformed! Let's party like it's 1992! If you like things that go really fast and then slow and then really fast again and sound like a head butt then come round my house. I think we'll get on. If you don't, stay away or I'll unleash the hounds! Zoltan! Destroy the humans!

DRAWBLANK RECORDS

INSERVIBLES 7"

Shit the bed! You thought the LP was unlistenable, harsh and desperate? Jumping Juninhos! This new EP makes the album sound like Black Lace! Raw is becoming an overused phrase when reviewing the horrific noises that bands make these days so for the Inservibles we need a new word that means "like raw but even more fucking raw". My thesaurus suggests "undercooked", "painful" or "crude" ... none of them will do so "like raw but even more fucking raw" will have to do. I wonder what another word for thesaurus is?

LA VID ES UN MUS RECORDS

INSTITUTION

"DOMEN AR SATT" LP

Holy shit punks! This is a banging and crashing monster of a fucking record. Members of Meanwhile, Heratys, Totalitar ... If that doesn't have you rushing out to buy this record then I give up. Sounds like Totalitar. Has members of Totalitar. Total fucking Totalitar.

DE:NIHIL RECORDS

OBEDIENCIA 7"

A right firecracker of a band this one. I had the pleasure to catch this Spanish mob sandwiched in between Dry Heaves and Red Dons at Leeds recently. The Wharf Chambers is a great venue but be warned, the multi story car park over the road shuts at 11pm. This means that when you leave the gig at 11.30 with a drunk Dan Zero in tow you may have to go back to the venue and "call in a favour" for a settee to sleep on and a lift back to check the car park is open on Good Friday the next morning ... just saying like. Obediencia played an absolute ripper of a set that night and this nugget is a mighty fine souvenir of our unexpected extended stay. They come across like a less quirky Gorilla Angreb and thrash out a mid paced, tinny racket that you could be forgiven for thinking had just been unearthed on a European Killed By Death LP. The singer was a real live wire giving off an infectious energy with a relentless vocal style that matched the pulsating and driving tunes being served up. Imagine if Poly Styrene was Spanish and fronted an 80's crustily melodic hardcore band that would have played the squats of Europe as a break from all the bands who sounded like Napalm Death. Of course you'll like it. I ruddy well do.

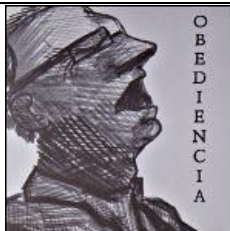
SOLO PARA PUNKS

THE OBJECTORZ

"DEMONSTRATION CASSETTE"

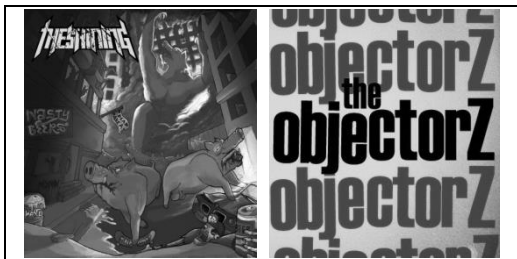
DEMO TAPE

Dublin's The Objectorz have put out this four tracker which arrived on my door mat at the start of half term and I certainly didn't object to such a surprise. Gary was in instrumental riffers The Kabin Boy and played guitar in Mero's merry troupe Knifed but there's no lumbering vocal free wig outs or camp thrashers here ... What we have are four raucously melodic rippers that veer between Leatherface and Stiff Little Fingers. The guitars are amped right up in to "loud and ringing" territory and the vocals are suitably gruff but anthemic. I've seen them likened to pub rock and pop punk but The Objectorz have a really razor sharp sound that sets them firmly on the punk side of the



fence and for a demo tape this has set the bar high already. Brilliant. I'm looking forward to hearing more!

Find 'em on Facebook now punk.



THE SHINING

"RISE OF THE DEGENERATES" LP

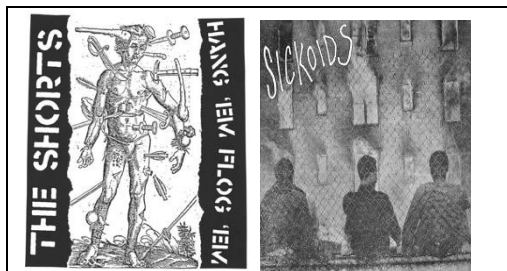
Whoa! These Amsterdam thrash maniacs have been at it for over ten years now by my reckoning and after countless 7"s, split CD's and so on they have finally come up with an LP that absolutely nails their raging thrash/punk/metal racket. 11 tracks etched in to vinyl of utterly ferocious metallic thrash that covers all bases between Slayer, DRI and classic Dutch fast fuckers BGK (who are covered on here). The vocals are screamed, the guitar licks are absolutely unrelentingly vicious ... there's no let up from start to finish. Fast Fast Fast. No hooks or singalongs but that would require them to slow down and that ain't gonna happen is it? DEAD HEROES RECORDS ... and plenty more.

THE SHORTS 7"

7 songs on 7 inches that no doubt last 7 minutes though I'll resist the temptation to say 7 Seconds as well. Tony and Mike have been at this caper for yonks now and when Pilger folded I was pleased to receive regular demos of the new band that followed ... and now we have a 7". I was expecting the usual rat-a-tat-tat 80's finger pointing pandemonium of 7 Seconds or Go on this debut vinyl outing. You know what? It's nice to be proven wrong! We have a bit of that but there is a far more, well, grubby and angry feel to it, almost like the melodic anarcho punk of say Combat Shock, Chineapple Punks or Riot/Clone. I then noticed Alan of said Pineapple worshippers is on board on bass and it all made

sense. Infuse the urgent and furious machine gun hardcore we know Tony and Mike for with a rowdy, beefed up anarcho sound and you can't fall off.

SUSPECT DEVICE RECORDS



SICKOIDS

S/T LP

A deceptive little beggar of an LP this one is. Opening up with a roaring vocalist and tight and mean riffage we could well be in for twenty minutes of Out Cold style bludgeoning around the head. Maybe even a bit of Poison Idea? By the third track however, those cheeky Sickoids have got a sneaky blow to the head in and we're in a more darkly melodic punch up that could be anywhere between Husker Du and Red Dons. While I stumble around, reeling, trying to describe this record it just rages away in a manner that sounds invigoratingly new even though it rings many, many bells of the past. Members of Government Warning and Direct Control gives you a good idea that this a blaster and you should own it.

HARDWARE RECORDS

SKIPLICKERS

"THE EARLY YEARS" TAPE

The Skiplickers are straight out of Swede ... erm ... Sheffield and play good old fashioned, blazing, brutal, no frills d-fucking-beat. Absolut mangel! Tracks 1 to 10 are I assume their first demo from 2009 and the final six songs are taken from an EP from the same year. It's a right honker. Full of energy, Skiplickers assault you with raw and violent crust. I love this sort of abrasive shit. Totalitar, fellow Steel City crusters Cry Havoc, Warcry ... you know the drill. It's simple, straight forward and nasty.

Can you call something "simple" or "unsophisticated" and it mean it's fucking good? I just did fucker.

COMMON THREAD RECORDS (Tape series number 3)



SURGERY WITHOUT RESEARCH

"FACTORY LIFE" CD

We are the punks! We are the punks! Good old fashioned we are the punks punk rock! UK82! UK Subs! UK punx! Proper punk rock for proper punk rockers! Perfect for a night in a sweaty tavern like Derby's Victoria Inn surrounded by floppy mohicans, battle worn jackets and studded wrist bands punching the air in sing-a-long-a-punk joy! Punk rock ... and erm ... a Kraftwerk cover!

DEATHSTILL RECORDS

STATE FUNERAL

"PROTEST MUSIC" 7"

I recently read an interview with Welly about the demise of the long running, revolving door membership soap opera that was Four Letter Word. I loved that band and they played a couple of blinding sets at the IQ over the years, but it seemed that the years of ups and downs took their toll and Welly came across as disillusioned and, well to be honest, bitter about it all. That is the very first thing that smacks you in the gob when you put this 7" on - where Four Letter Word blended clever word play with melodic and punchy punk, State Funeral blend clever word play with a punch in the face. A rougher and angrier take on the stuff that FLW foisted upon us and all the better for it. Comes with the latest issue of Artcore zine which is up to its usual high standard of punk rockage.

ARTCORE ZINE

VITAMIN X

"ABOUT TO CRACK" LP

Ah, Vitamin X the international hit squad from Amsterdam! The straight edge band the drunk punks love! A Vitamin X gig is an absolute hoot and full of smiling faces as they tear in to 90 seconds blasts of fury complete with circle pits, stage diving and all manner of horseplay. The last time out in Sheffield was indeed a most raucous evening of energetic tomfoolery and this LP was my memento as well as pints of 7.5% cider which I could still taste the next day while running around in centre midfield. Ouch. Needless to say it shreds. Playing straight up thrash with the thrash being more from a punk angle than a metal one this fourth LP sees them heading more in to cross over territory than ever before. Not so much Municipal Waste style like their Amsterdam neighbours The Shining, the X'ers have more in common with WHN. Likening them to others is doing them something of a disservice though as by now they have a clearly defined sound, honed as they have spent the last however many years globe-trotting and taking their hyper speed thrash fury to every corner of punkdom. Long may it continue!

WAKING THE DEAD/D.F.C.

SPLIT 7"

Waking the Dead! Nederthrashers who rose from the grave of Skulls and Flames to continue the skate and thrash crusade! With a new line up they come out all guns blazing on their half of this pan-continental split that arrives via the Czech Republic on lovely yellow and green vinyl. DRI, early Suicidal ... it's not a million miles away from the template Skulls and Flames followed and much diving from speaker stacks by mental bandana clad kids in tube socks will no doubt erupt when Mike D clicks his sticks and they kick off. You want more of the same? Flip over and there's brilliant Brazilians DFC with a heads down, head banging, speed demon thrash assault straight outta the early DRI/80's thrash back catalogue. Get a German army shirt, yer ripped jeans and hi tops out losers! DEAD AREA RECORDS and plenty more ...

WARCUPID 7"

What the ruddy flip were these crazy crusters thinking when they decided to add "cupid" to "war"? Granted there are numerous bad generic "warcust" names out there ... "War ..." is the new "Dis ..." but "...cupid"! I am mightily relieved however to inform you, dear reader, that mingling monikers aside, this six track monster is a raging blast of brutal Scando d-beat worship. Anti Cimex, Totalitar ... pummelling drums, Discharge haiku's betraying a savage disgust at the corporate hell that passes for civilisation these days and guttural vocals that remind me of Pete Flyblown at his most unlistenable. It ticks all the boxes and some. Raw, harsh and abrasive crust punk. No fanning about whatsoever.

IMMINENT DESTRUCTION RECORDS

WHO KILLED SPIKEY JACKET?

LP

Oh my word. This is a bonkers belter. Total glue bag, cider casualty, studded mayhem! Who Killed Spikey Jacket? take the oft maligned UK82 bag of tricks and amps them up to an amphetamine speed ball of squalid nights outside a sleazy venue, slumped against a wall in a studded leather jacket with a glue bag wrapped around your face. We've all done it .. erm ... Totally over the top and puerile teenage temper tantrum lyrics about such important issues as being so punk you stud your glue bag, pigs at gigs, not growing up and spiking your hair with beer! Oil! It's a way of life! The booklet that they saw fit to include in this wonderful artefact not only contains stacks of photos of punk fucking rockers and lyrics but tips on "chaos walks" - how to cause bother and run away basically - and advice for the "decked" out punk on keeping an archive of photos to remind yourself how utterly ridiculous/awesome you looked when you are old and no longer have a three foot green mohican! A way of life indeed. This LP is a rager and if you are bored of The Casualties and miss Germ Attack then look no further my spiky friend.

TOTAL FUCKER RECORDS

ZINES ZINES ZINES

Zines are great. They are better than the internet. Buy these ones to see if you agree.

First up a few of the long running stalwarts of this 'ere paper and staples world of ours ... ISSUE from darn sarf is unstoppable and in to the late 60's or 70's by now - issues not age! Covering the whole of the southHCoast live music scene from punk to metal and back again, Neil gets out seemingly every ruddy night to gigs with his trusty camera and snaps away to his heart's content! Drop him a line at issuepunkzine@hotmail.co.uk for the latest installment. The depths of Cornwall is a strange place to find a Darlington fan who waxes lyrical about his youth seeing gigs at Middlesbrough Rock Garden but Alex of BARBIE'S DEAD is that man. Issue 34 has the usual ranting, raving and reviewing and will set you back a mere 50p plus whatever a stamp and envelope is. treefrogalex@yahoo.co.uk is the somewhat enigmatic email address you need. Another one that has been with us for seemingly ever is ARTCORE and as always Welly continues to push the boundaries of just how good a DIY fanzine can look. Number 31 just in and it has a wazzle Endless Grinning Skulls/Violent Arrest split 7" which, as you can imagine, is a delightful listening experience. Sickoids, Domestic, Off! Rough Kids and plenty more including a whopping Italian HC retrospective. The best researched zine in the world can be yours if you type away to artcore@ntlworld.com. Looking good is something the photos that ZONKED zine publish always do and the latest missive from Pete is no different. Locals The Shorts rub shoulders with Finns Kapykaarti and a host of other punks. Punk art lovers will be pleased to find Russ Bestley takes up a large portion of this ish as well. pete.zonked@btinternet.com is the place to send your electrons. Returning from the grave after a few years in the zine wilderness is POSITIVE CREED and there's no

stopping it now! A good few issues behind him since his reanimation Rob ploughs on and issue 19 comes with a CD chock full of punky punk punk rock. A real eclectic mix in the content as he'll feature mainstream stuff from yesteryear (The Boys, Sham and the likes have featured recently) alongside lesser known zine writers and bands like The Pukes (an all girl ukulele punk act!). He even has a punk rock email address: robstone1977@gmail.com!

... and what about the new stuff I hear you ask? Surely there are some new fanzines doing the rounds that I can have a geg at whilst sat on the bog! Well, yes my friend, yes there ruddy well are.

STICKY SOUNDS started life as a blog but now has been promoted from that there interweb to proper zinedom and it's great to have it on board. Hailing from Manchester it's a peculiar mix of mental health issues, musical memories, anecdotes, gothic horror, Manics fandom, urban myths and breaking in to derelict properties and snapping pics of them. Vicky writes with a real naked honesty at times and all five of the issues to date that I've been fortunate enough to read have been tipity top readage so give it a go: stickyvickypunk@gmail.com. **STUPID QUESTIONS** outta Scotland is another newcomer and is on issue three already. Crust, noise and raw punk is the order of the day and the latest installment brings forth The Wankys, Deek Oi Polloi, Thisclose and Headless Kross (yet another band it would appear that Tommy Destructo is in!). Mark is always up for trades and the like so get in touch at markaroonie@hotmail.com and ask him some stupid questions of your own. **RELUCTANT MOSHER** is a brand new 'un making its bow with issue 1 and features a heady mix of Neil Young (who author Ian also dedicates his other fanzine to), the "Big 4" of thrash, thoughts on Kurt Cobain and his suicide and plenty of reviews of gigs in the Leeds area where the crowd and their moshing antics receive just as much of a review as the bands on stage! Survival and Harda Tider hold up the

hardcore end of the zine with a couple of interviews. It's for moshers!

Let's nip abroad now and have a go on a few international zines. **GENERAL SPEECH** from the States is cracking punk rock zine focusing on the rawest and noisiest corners of the punk world - Deathside, Inservibles, No Fucker, Belicose Minds and the amazingly inept and long forgotten Swiss band The Decay who the author liked so much he reissued their gloriously "so bad it's good" sort of legendary 7" recently. Send some stuff to **General Speech Office, 2964 Winter Garden Unit D, Lexington, KY 40517, USA** if that sounds yer thing and I'm sure you'll get some equally good shit in return. Over to Chicago (my kind of town) now and **AS BOREDOM SETS IN**. No silly, I'm not referring to how you feel at the end of this zine, I'm talking about a short and sharp, cut n paste mess of a zine crammed with punk rock. Total 80's/early 90's scissors and pritt stick mayhem and it's great. Reviews, grainy photos, fliers, Birth Deformities, Sucked Dry and collage-y type artwork. Get tapping them keys to frankenjew@sbcglobal.net for more info. New York, New York next for Psycho Moto zine which is well in to double figures and part of the Antagonist Art Movement. As well as some great DVD's (*Anything Boys Can Do* about women in punk is a fine confrontational piece of guerilla movie making) I received a pile of back issues from Ethan who sets his writers a theme for each mag - Stripping in one, monsters in another - you never know what yer gonna get but it's always interesting ... antagovision.com is the place to be ... and finally I was sent a cute little pocket sized zine called **FIFTY UNUSED ZINE TITLES** from those lovable rogues at Sticky Zine Emporium <http://blog.stickyinstitute.com> in Melbourne and well, it does exactly that. Each page is a suggestion for the name of your zine ... don't worry next issue will not be called "Fuck Batman", "Urine Wildly" or "Louder Than Bums".

Marv

September 2013 Back to fucking School.

CLASSIC IQHC MOMENTS!

It was always bonkers when Belgians Sunpower rolled in to town ...



Pics by Kika